

Oxford Democrat.

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C. O. W. CHASE,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE STORY TELLER.

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

“Is there a good fire in the little spare room, Jane?” said Mr. Wade, a plain farmer, coming into his kitchen, where his good wife was busy in preparing for supper.

“O, yes, I’ve made the room as comfortable as can be,” replied Mrs. Wade; “but I wish you would take up a good armful of wood, now, so that we won’t have to disturb Mr. ——, by going into the room after he gets here.”

“If he should come this evening,” remarked the husband, “But it’s getting late, and I’m afraid he won’t be here before morning.”

“Oh, I guess he will be along soon, I have felt all day as if he were coming. I want to see him very much.”

“They say he is a good man, and preaches most powerfully. Mr. Jones heard him in New York, at the last Conference, and he tells me he never heard such a sermon as he gave them—it cut right and left, and his words went home to every heart like arrows of conviction.”

“I hope he will be here this evening,” remarked the wife, as she put some cakes in the oven. “And so do I,” remarked Mr. Wade, as he turned away and went out to the wood pile for an armful of wood for the expected minister’s room.

It was Saturday afternoon, and nearly sun-down. Mr. ——, who was expected to arrive, and for whose comfort every preparation in their power to make had been completed by the family at whose house he was to stay, was the new Presiding Elder of B——District, in the New Jersey Conference. Quarterly meeting was to be held on the next day which was Sunday, when Mr. —— was to preach and administer the ordinances of the church. Being his first visit to that part of the District, the preacher was known to but few of the members, and they all looked forward to his arrival with interest and were prepared to welcome him with respect and affection.

The house of Mr. Wade was known as the minister’s home. For years in their movements through the circuit, the preachers as they came around to this part in the field of their appointed labor, were welcomed by brother and sister Wade, and the little spare chamber made comfortable for their reception.

It was felt by these honest-hearted people more a privilege than a duty thus to share their temporal blessings with the men of God who ministered to them in holy things. They had their weakness, as we all have. One of these weaknesses consisted in a firm belief that they were deeply imbued, with, genuine religion, and regarding things spiritual above all worldly considerations. They were kind, good people, certainly, but as deeply real in the love of the Lord as any. Theirs was a natural piety, nor as familiar with the secret springs of their own actions, as all of us should desire to be. I wonder at, seeing that their position in the church was rather elevated as compared with those around them and that they were the subject of little distinguishing marks, flattering to the natural man.

While Mr. Wade was splitting a log at the wood pile, his thoughts on the new Presiding Elder, and feelings warm with the anti-slavery pleasure of meeting and entertaining him, a man of common appearance approaching along the road, and when he came to where the farmer was, stood still and looked at him until he had finished cutting the log, and was preparing to lift the elect pieces in his arms.

“Rather a cold day this,” said the man.

“Yes rather,” returned Mr. Wade, a little indifferently, and in a voice meant to repulse the stranger, whose appearance did not impress him very favorably.

“How far is it to D——?” inquired the man.

“Three miles,” replied Mr. Wade, who having filled his arms with wood was beginning to move off toward the house.

“So far?” said the man, in a tone that was marked with hesitation. “I thought it was but a little way from this.” Then with an air of hesitation, and speaking in a respectful voice, he added, “I would feel obliged if you would let me go in and warm myself. I have walked for two miles in the cold, and as D—— is still three miles off, I shall be chilled through before I get there.”

So modest and natural a request as this, Mr. Wade could not refuse, and yet in the way he said, “Oh, certainly, there was a manner that clearly betrayed his wish that the man had passed on and preferred his request somewhere else. Whether this was noticed or not, is of no con-

sequence; the wayfarer, on this assent to his request, followed Mr. Wade into the house.

“Jane,” said the farmer, as he entered with the stranger, and his voice was not as cordial as it might have been, “let this man warm himself by the kitchen fire. He has to go all the way to D—— this evening and says he is cold.”

There is a kind of magnetic intelligence in the tones of the voice. Mrs. Wade understood perfectly, by the way in which this was said, that her husband did not feel much sympathy for the stranger, and only yielded the favor asked because he could not well refuse to grant it. Her own observation did not correct the impression her husband’s manner produced.

The man’s dress though neither dirty nor ragged, was not calculated to impress any one very favorably. His hat was much worn, and the gray coat, in which he was buttoned up to the chin, had seen much service that it was literally threadbare from collar to skirt, and showed numerous patches, darns, and other evidences of needle work applied long since its original manufacture. His cow-hide boots, though whole had a coarse look; and his long dark beard gave his face, a not very prepossessing one at the best, a not very attractive aspect.

“You can sit down there,” said Mrs. Wade, a little ungraciously, for she felt the presence of the man just at that particular juncture, as an intrusion; and she pointed to an old chair that stood near the fire place, in front of which was a large Dutch oven, containing some of her cream short cakes, prepared especially for Mr. ——, the New Presiding Elder, now momentarily expected.

“Thank you ma’am,” returned the stranger, as he took the chair, and drew up close to the blazing hearth, and removing his thick woolen gloves, spread his hands to receive the genial warmth.

Nothing more was said by either the stranger or Mr. Wade, for the space of three or four minutes. During this time, the good housewife passed in and out once or twice, busy as she could be looking after supper affairs. The lid of the ample Dutch oven had been raised once or twice, and both the eyes and nose of the traveller greeted with the pleasant token of good fare soon to be served up in the family. He was no longer cold; but the sight and smell of the cakes and other good things in preparation by the lady awakened a sense of hunger, and made it keenly felt. —But the comfort of a little warmth had been so reluctantly bestowed, he could not think of trespassing upon the farmer and his wife for a bite of supper, and so commenced drawing on his heavy woolen gloves, and buttoning up his old grey coat. While he was occupied in doing this, Mr. Wade came into the kitchen and said—

“I’m afraid, Jane, that the minister won’t be along this evening. It’s after sundown, and he has to grow dusky.”

“He ought to have been here and hour ago,” returned Mrs. W., in a tone of disappointment.

“It’s getting late, my friend, and D—— is a good distance ahead,” remarked the farmer, after standing with back to the fire, and regarding for some moments the stranger who had taken off his gloves and was slowly unbuttoning his coat again.

“I wish he had been to Guinea before he came here!” said Mrs. Wade fretfully. The disappointment the conviction that Mr. —— would not arrive soon assailed her to feel him, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as the stranger, completely unshamed her mind.

“But what can we do with him?”

“He seems like a decent man, at least; and don’t look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere.”

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“It’s three miles you say?”

“Yes, good three miles, if not more, and it will be dark in an hour.”

“What direction must I take?” inquired the stranger.

“You keep along the road until you come to the meeting house on the top of the hill, half a mile beyond this, and then you strike off to the right and keep straight on.”

“What meeting house is it?”

“The D—— Methodist meeting-house.”

“You are expecting the minister, I think you just now said?”

“Yes, Mr. N——, our new Presiding Elder, is to preach to-morrow, and he was to have been here this afternoon.”

“He is to stay with you?”

“Certainly he is. The preachers all stay at my house.”

“The man got up and went to the door and looked out.”

“Couldn’t you give me a little something to eat before I go?” he said returning. “I haven’t tasted food since this morning, and I feel a little faint.”

“Jane, can’t you give him some cold meat and bread?” Mr. Wade turned to his wife, and she answered, just a little fretfully, “Oh yes, I suppose so; and going to the cupboard, brought out a dish containing a piece of cold fat bacon, which had been boiled with cabbage for dinner, and half a loaf of bread, which she placed upon the old kitchen table, and told the man to help himself. The stranger did not wait for earnest invitation, but set to work in good earnest upon the bread and bacon, while the farmer stood with his hands behind him, and his back to the fire whistling the air of “Auld Lang Syne,” while he mentally repeated the words of the hymn of “When I can read my title clear,” and wished that his visitor would make haste and get through with his supper. The latter after eating for a short time with the air of one whose appetite was keen, began to discuss the meat and bread with more deliberation and occasionally to ask a question or make a remark the replies to which were very gracious, although Mr. Wade forced himself to be as polite as he could be.

When Mr. Wade returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that they had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in a few words, his great sense of the kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful. Soon after, the farmer’s wife giving up all hope of Mr. N——’s arrival had supper taken up, which consisted of coffee, warm short cakes, and sweet ices, broiled ham, and broiled chicken. After all was on the table, a short conference was held as to whether it would not be better to invite the stranger to take supper. It was true they had given him as much bread and bacon as he could eat, but then, as long as he was going to stay all night, it looked too inhospitable to sit down to the table and not ask him to join them. So making a virtue of necessity, he was kindly asked to come in to supper, an invitation he did not decline. Grace was said over the meal by Mr. ——.

The homely meal at length concluded, the man buttoned up his old coat and drew on his coarse woolen gloves again, and thanking Mr. and Mrs. Wade for their hospitality, opened the door and looked out. It was quite dark, for there was no moon and the sky was filled in clouds. The wind rushed into his face cold and piercing. For a moment or two, he stood with his hand upon the door, and then closing in he turned back into the house, and said to the farmer—

“You say it is still three miles to D——?”

“I do,” replied Mr. Wade, coldly. “I said so to you when you first stopped, and you had ought to have pushed on like a prudent man. You could have reached there before it was quite dark.”

“But I was cold and hungry, and might have fainting by the way.”

The manner of saying this touched the farmer’s feelings a little, and caused him to look more narrowly into the stranger’s face, than he had done. But he saw nothing more than he had already seen.

“You have warmed me and fed me, for which I am thankful. Will you not bestow another kind of kindness upon one who is in a strange place, and if he goes out in darkness may lose himself and perish in the cold?”

The peculiar form in which this request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered, put it almost out of the power of the farmer to say no.

“Go in there and sit down,” he answered, pointing to the kitchen, “and I will see my wife and hear what she says.”

And Mr. Wade went into the parlor where the supper table stood, covered with a snow-white cloth, and displaying his wife’s set of blue sprigged chin, that was only brought out on special occasions. Two tall mould candles were burning thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful hickory fire.

“Hasn’t that old fellow gone yet?” asked Mrs. Wade. She heard his voice as he returned from the door.

“No, and what do you suppose? He wants us to let him stay all night.”

“Indeed, and we’ll do no such thing! We can’t have the likes of him in the house, no how. Where could he sleep?”

“Not in the best room, even if Mr. N—— shouldn’t come.”

“No, indeed!”

“But I really don’t see, Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn’t look like a very strong man, and it is dark and cold, and full three miles to D——.”

“It’s too much? He ought to have gone on while he had daylight, and not lingered here as he did until it got dark.”

“We can’t turn him out of doors, Jane, and it’s no use to think of it. He’ll have to stay now.”

“But what can we do with him?”

“He seems like a decent man, at least; and don’t look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere.”

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“He will have family prayer in about ten minutes,” said Mr. Wade as he handed him a razor and shaving box.

“Ten minutes the man appeared, and behaved himself with due propriety at family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and departing, went on his journey.

Ten o’clock came and Mr. N—— had not yet arrived. So Mr. and Mrs. Wade started off for the meeting house, not doubting that he would find him there. But they were disappointed.

A goodly number of people were inside the meetinghouse, and a goodly number outside, but the minister had not arrived.

Before the still embarrassed brother and sister could reply, some one asked—

“Where is Mr. N——?” inquired a dozen voices in a little crowd gathered around the farm-

Wade, and then coffee was poured out, the meat helped and the bread served.

There was a fine little boy of some five or six years old at the table who had been brightened up and dressed in his best, in order to grace the minister’s reception. Charley was full of talk, and the parents felt a natural pride in showing him off, even before their humble guest, who noticed him particularly, although he had not much to say.

“Come Charley, said Mr. Wade, after the dry was cold and Mr. Wade, after becoming thoroughly chilled, concluded to go in and keep a lookout for the minister from the window near which he usually sets. Others from the same cause followed his example, and the little meetinghouse was soon filled, and still one after another came dropping in. The farmer, who turned towards the door each time it opened, was a little surprised to see his guest of the previous night enter, and come

Scriptures and pray, if he ever prayed, if he was not in the habit of praying, he would not then. No teacher should ever act the hypocrite. He would next seat his scholars, and never have any leaving of seats without permission. He would then classify. Should difficulty occur in regard to text-books, the teacher must remember that it is himself the great text-book, though not discarding others. He would next attend to the matters of fire and the taking care of the house. He would try to act as God would have him act. God in governing men, always got the consent of the governed. This he does through the instrumentality of the conscience. He would labor to bring into being a school-house conscience. Closed by singing "Arab's Daughter."

FOURTH DAY.

[One hundred and ninety-seven in attendance.]

Reading of the Scriptures in concert.

Prayer by the Principal.—Raised a committee to keep order in the galleries during the evening session. Messrs. Stowell, of Paris, Perham, of Woodstock, and Moulton, of Porter, Committee.

An exercise in Arithmetic, by Mr. Hawkins.—Music.—An exercise in Elocution, by the Principal.—Music.—An exercise in Grammar, by Mr. Hawkins.

Remarks by the Principal. Modes of Teaching.

1. Be yourself the text-book of the school.
2. Teach them to help themselves.
3. It is of the utmost importance that the classes be introduced into the several matters right.

4. So teach as to make the school-room one of the happiest places in the world.

5. Remember that education consists in acquisition and development.

6. Question with great freedom.

7. Review and recapitulate.

8. Endeavor to make all your teachings practical.

Singing.

Afternoon.—Music.—Remarks by the Principal on teaching Arithmetic, followed by an exercise in Arithmetic upon fractions.

Remarks by Mr. Emery. Teach the children things instead of words. Make many explanations.

An exercise in Grammar, by Mr. Hawkins. Question proposed in writing by the Institute and answered by the Principal.

Music.—Prayer by Rev. Mr. Davis.

Evening Session.—Lecture by Dr. Rawson on Physiology.

The digestive organs. The interior of the body is divided into two great cavities, separated by the midriff. The upper cavity contains the stomach, the lower is denominated the abdomen. Persons have 32 teeth, and they were made to chew with; but man, as we read, "has sought out many inventions," one of these is to swallow his food whole and chew tobacco. The stomach is like India-rubber, it is full when there is but a pint in it; it is fuller when it contains three pints. The liver of a healthy person weighs about five pounds, sometimes it becomes enlarged and weighs twenty or twenty-five pounds. The intestines are about five times as long as the body. The stomach is supplied with its own gastric juice, consequently it is injurious to drink with our meals; it retards digestion. Persons should always rest after eating. Many persons who are troubled with bad dreams will find the cause of them in the stomach.

Musical.

Question discussed: Resolved, that corporal punishment should be abolished in our schools.

Mr. Moulton remarked that every person could be operated upon morally. But should it so happen that there were scholars dead to all moral appeal, it will do little good to flog them. You may beat out an evil spirit, but you will beat ten. Time spent in flogging scholars is time lost.

Mr. Hinds said that young persons could not always be influenced by appealing to their reason. He would not administer corporal punishment before his school. The great reason why corporal punishment should not be abolished in our public schools, is, that the teachers must maintain order. This he cannot always do without a resort to force. Force he must use or have in reserve.

Dr. Rust said he was opposed to corporal punishment always and on all occasions.

Mr. Hawkins said that this is an important question. Years ago this question had been settled, and settled on one side. Order must be maintained. It cannot be without law. There can be no law where there is no penalty. He would not be in favor of carrying a large rod or flogger into the school and flog them about as is often done. He would operate morally, but if failed, he would resort to the more severe means. He believed with the wise man that "he who spares the rod hastes his own son."

Mr. Shaw remarked that he would prefer to rely on moral suasion than physical force, if he must rely upon but one. This resort to physical force has filled the world with sorrow, lamentation and woe. He had always succeeded best when he relied on moral suasion. Physical force arouses all the animal propensities. You cannot in this way overcome a scholar morally, although you may conquer him physically. As an illustration he referred to the kind treatment of the Saviour who inculcated the better doctrine of love to enemies.

Mr. Warren said he regarded this question as fundamental, for it extends beyond the school room. The teacher by law is a *locum parentis*.—There has been very much more whipping in school than was voluntary. But he had found cases which had baffled all attempts at reform by arguments addressed to the moral faculties. These cases he had generally overcome with the rod, and had done it successfully. He had taking measures to remove the many obstacles,

used the rod in the management of his own family with the most perfect success. Equally so with his scholars.

County Convention of Superintending School Committees.

The Convention of the School Committees of several towns and plantations in Oxford County met at South Paris, on Monday, Oct. 2d, at 11 o'clock A. M.

The Convention was organized by the choice of S. PERHAM, of Woodstock, Moderator, and NATH'L BUTLER, of Turner, Clerk.

A committee to receive the names of School Committees present, was appointed, consisting of the following gentlemen, viz: Wm. A. Rust, T. Chase and E. Packard.

This committee reported that there were but fifteen towns in the County represented, and consequently that there was not a quorum. The transaction of business, connected with the interests of education in the County.

A communication was received from STEPHEN EMERY, Esq., Member of the Board of Education for this County, cordially inviting the Convention to visit the Teachers' Institute now in session at South Paris, and after they shall have carefully examined the same, to give a public expression of their views of its character and influence; which invitation was accepted.

The Convention adjourned until 1 o'clock P. M., when it again met. The committee on resolutions, viz: T. Chase, N. Knight, and J. Monroe, reported the following, which after a free discussion, in which Mr. Crosby, Sec. of the Board, participated, were adopted.

Resolved, That we acknowledge the obligations we are under to those gentlemen who have so kindly volunteered their services in Lecturing before the Institute; and our grateful remembrance of them shall remain so long as we are conscious of the benefits we have derived from the masterly manner in which they have discussed their several subjects.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the Hon. STEPHEN EMERY, of Paris, Member of the Board of Education for Oxford County, for the noble and untiring exertions he has made since his election to office to promote the cause of general education; that he is justly entitled to the full confidence of the ardent friends of education for that office.

Resolved, That in our opinion it is the duty of every Teacher to thoroughly prepare himself for his profession, avoiding such amusements and pursuits as tend to distract his mind and impair his energies.

Resolved, That we, the members of Oxford County Teachers' Institute, return our hearty thanks to the citizens of South Paris for the generous sacrifices, which they have so cheerfully made of their own conveniences for our accommodation and comfort, during the session of this Institute.

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of this Institute be tendered to the Proprietors of the Congregational Church, at South Paris, for thus honorably furnishing them with the accommodations of their House during our stay here.

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Resolved, That the following resolution, offered by C. Stone of Oxford, was unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved, That we have undiminished confidence in the ability and faithfulness of the present Member of the Board of Education, for this County, and that we shall hail his re-election with delight.

After a free discussion of the subject of the Sessions of the Teachers' Institute, it was voted, that it is the opinion of this Convention that it would be expedient for the Institute to be held successively in different parts of the County.

It was voted that the proceedings of this Convention be published in the papers of this county and also in the Common School Advocate.

The thanks of the Convention were tendered to Mr. Hinds, Principal of the Oxford Normal Institute, for the use of the Hall kindly given to the Convention.

The Convention adjourned to visit the Teachers' Institute, agreeable to the request above mentioned, and after some time spent in witnessing its exercises, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved, That we regard the Teachers' Institute, now in session in this place, as a most useful auxiliary to the cause of education; that from what we are able to learn from personal observation, we are inclined to believe it ably conducted; and judging both from the influence of the Institute held in this County during the last year, and also from the character of the present, we believe that it will exert a most happy influence upon the common Schools of the County.

SIDNEY PERHAM, Chairman.

NATH'L BUTLER, Clerk.

The following Resolutions were reported by the committee appointed for that purpose by the Teachers' Institute, at its recent session at South Paris, and were unanimously adopted by that body.

Resolutions.

The COMMITTEE appointed by this Institute to prepare and report Resolutions, expressive of its views of the efforts and zeal of the Teachers and of its approbation of the principles inculcated, have considered the same and now respectfully ask leave to report the following Resolutions for the consideration of the Institute.

Resolved, That the Legislature of Maine, which by law established Teachers' Institutes, in the various Counties in this State, is deserving of our sincere and hearty thanks, for thus benevolently appropriating means and enacting the rod, and had done it successfully. He had

which have so long impeded the rise of the Common School, that it gave not only new vigor and impulse to School Teachers, but also cheered and invigorated the friends of education everywhere, and conferred a rich and lasting blessing upon thousands of intelligent minds of the present and of many thousands who are to succeed them.

Resolved, That we herein express our perfect confidence in the tested ability and unerring zeal of the Secretary of the Board of Education, and that we are, individually, and collectively, laid under increased obligations to him for the great interest he has manifested to enhance the success and advantages of this Institute.

Resolved, That we do hereby tender our united thanks to the Principal, Rev. Wm. Warren, and the Associate Instructor, DEXTER A. HAWKINS, for their unwearied exertions in thus lucidly presenting to the mind of each member those grand principles so important in intellectual culture and the indispensable necessity of Teachers being actuated and guided by those high moral and social virtues, which are ornaments to every station in life and particularly to the Teachers of the youthful mind.

Resolved, That special acknowledgments are due to L. W. ADDITON for the able and efficient manner he has conducted the department of music and his well directed efforts to augment the interest of our Institute.

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Resolutions.

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Resolved, That the Legislature of Maine, which by law established Teachers' Institutes, in the various Counties in this State, is deserving of our sincere and hearty thanks, for thus benevolently appropriating means and enacting the rod, and had done it successfully. He had

cause he fears that it will not have the effect of placing the Mexican Government upon a solid foundation.

Boston ice may be had in great abundance at Vera Cruz! Large shipments of it have been made within a few months which will bring in a golden harvest to the owners. The article at this moment is worth fifteen cents a pound in Vera Cruz! It may be found in all the restaurants and eating houses. The ice is used in that city, as well as that to be found in Jalapa, Puebla, and the city of Mexico, is brought from Orizaba or the regions of Popocatapetl. It is very thin and soon dissolves. The Mexicans are absolutely astonished (almost concealed) at seeing such immense frozen blocks from Boston landed at the Mole; quite as much so as the Sultan was—as narrated in the opening chapter of the Crusaders—when told by the Scottish knight that in his country, at a certain season of the year, people could walk on the water as easily as upon land. The city of the True Cross is shortly destined to become a great mart for American produce and merchandise. A very large number of Americans have established themselves in business there, and they will fill the stores and public places of the interior—Jalapa, Poreto, Puebla, Mexico, and other cities, with articles imported from the United States. Indeed, Vera Cruz is almost an American city now, and there are three Americans in the Capital itself, where there was one before the occupation of the country.

Resolved, That we do hereby tender our united thanks to the Principal, Rev. Wm. Warren, and the Associate Instructor, DEXTER A. HAWKINS, for their unwearied exertions in thus lucidly presenting to the mind of each member those grand principles so important in intellectual culture and the indispensable necessity of Teachers being actuated and guided by those high moral and social virtues, which are ornaments to every station in life and particularly to the Teachers of the youthful mind.

Resolved, That special acknowledgments are due to L. W. ADDITON for the able and efficient manner he has conducted the department of music and his well directed efforts to augment the interest of our Institute.

Resolved, That we acknowledge the obligations we are under to those gentlemen who have so kindly volunteered their services in Lecturing before the Institute; and our grateful remembrance of them shall remain so long as we are conscious of the benefits we have derived from the masterly manner in which they have discussed their several subjects.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the Hon. STEPHEN EMERY, of Paris, Member of the Board of Education for Oxford County, for the noble and untiring exertions he has made since his election to office to promote the cause of general education; that he is justly entitled to the full confidence of the ardent friends of education for that office.

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1 LATE FROM MEXICO.
The English West India Mail Steamer Trent, arrived in the Mississippi from Vera Cruz and Tampico on the 26th ult. bringing advices from the Mexican capital to the 19th. She had on board \$1,602,000 in specie, of which \$102,000 were for New Orleans. The country was comparatively tranquil.

Paredes is still in Mexico, and said to be endeavoring to procure a pardon for himself. It is thought that he will be successful—that he will not even be subjected to the inconvenience of a temporary exile.

Foreigners, we are told, are treated with much more consideration in Mexico since the war than they were formerly. The Americans share particularly in this increase of regard.

D. Luis de la Rosa has been nominated and confirmed by the Senate as Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. Senor Pina y Cusvens has been appointed Minister of the Treasury. His first act was to appoint a commission to treat of a settlement or arrangement of the National debt. He is represented as repudiating the acts of his predecessors in regard to the notorious case of the five millions of bonds hypothesized to secure \$600,000, and they are to be turned over to the proper tribunals for trial.

The celebration of the 16th of September, the birth-day of Mexican independence appears to have been general throughout the country. We find it continually referred to by the press, and we have a copy of one oration pronounced at the capital.

The amnesty was declared at Huajuca on the 16th of August in favor of all the insurgent Indians who should make their submission within sixty days.

ELOPEMENT.—A rich widow in Cincinnati has just been done out of a husband. Her family are worth \$800,000, and it is no marvel that she had a beau. But she also had a daughter, who was courted by a brother of her lover.—The lover of the girl was sent to Texas, where he died, and the young lady to a boarding school. This was done to break up the match. On hearing of the death of her lover, the young lady threatened to retire to a convent; she was, however, persuaded to return home, and then her father—that was to be, represented to her what a pity it would be that such a pretty girl should be coldly herself, on account of circumstances."

WEBSTER OUT WEST.—Mr. Gregg, one of the Indiana whig electors in a speech in Lawrenceburg lately, said—
"The whigs here are cold—very—very COLD! They have no life, no animation.—We would soon think of galvanizing a dead body with an icle, as to infuse life into their hearts. They were torpid as oysters. But, says Mr. Gregg, I ought not to complain, for I have been cold myself, on account of circumstances."

The N. Y. Courier is delighted because Roger Barton, of Mississippi is reported to have spoken of Gen. Taylor in language almost as bad as that formerly used by the New England whig press, namely—

"He called Gen. Taylor a mercenary hooligan who entered his country's service for his bread, had served her and fought her battles only for her money, and had drawn \$700 per annum out of her treasury." An ignorant old hooligan, who, if elected, would not have sense to know that he had to appoint cabinet officers, or what a cabinet was."

The Courier exclaims, "Keep on, gentlemen! The more of this the better." It is so good the whigs will probably manufacture enough of it to supply the market.

Cleveland Herald.

BEAUTIES OF LAW.—A case regarding the ownership of a wagon, the price of which was not estimated to be higher than \$30, was recently tried in Windham country, Vt. The witness fees of the defendant's party amounted to \$66. 10. Those of the plaintiff's were probably quite as much, and four lawyers were employed in the case, whose compensation would amount to a trifle at least.

Dr. V. P. COOLIDGE.—This unhappy man is now confined in a cell of which the ground dimensions do not exceed eight feet by four. A part of this narrow room is occupied by his bed. The cell has no window, the light and air being admitted through an aperture in the door.—His friends say he cannot survive the winter.—Gov. Dana called the attention of the legislature to the case last summer, and requested that body to say whether they wished to have the convict executed or not at the end of the year. The warden of the prison also requested that some enlargement or change of treatment might be ordered; but the legislature declined to take action in the matter. A brother of Coolidge has lately been from Ohio to see him. A sister, whose home is in Mississippi, is now in Maine, and will there spend the winter.

MODERS PROPHET.—The Rev. Dr. Poor, who has just returned from a thirty-three years mission to the east, in sailing recently to the large amount of religious intelligence now circulating through the common secular papers of the land, said it reminded him of a prophetic remark of Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, when they were students at Andover seminary, that the time might come when there would be newspapers for the diffusion of religious intelligence.

What Mr. Webster says of the whig party, in claiming affinity with the free soilers, that that merely a difference in name divides them, is strictly true; and looking back it is the same—a name only to distinguish them from the dangerous party with which the democrats have always been contending. Whigs are the same, under whatever name they may appear, and plainly will this be shown in the present election, when, after they shall have, by specious seeming of sincerity, decoyed as many democrats as they can from their duty to their party, the whigs will resume their places under their old banner and be whigs once more. Their past treachery in like "splits" bears out this assertion. We shouldn't be surprised to see Messrs. Phillips, Adams & Co. voting for "old Zach" yet.

BETTING.—The federalists have been crowding up this matter so boldly in some parts of the Union of late, as to call out an occasional set-off from our side of the house. In a late number of the Dayton (O.) Volunteer, a spirited little campaign journal, the following bantam has not yet been fortunate enough to find a *toke*:
\$1000 that Lewis Cass will be the next President of the United States.

\$1000 that he will receive the electoral votes of the thirty States respectively.

\$1000 that he will carry the State of Michigan.

And a farm worth \$350 that he will carry every county in the State of Michigan.

A good temper, a good library, good health, a good wife, and a good newspaper, are, five choice blessings.

WASHINGTON CO. MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—This Company appears to be going with a "perfect rush." During the week ending the 10th Sept., they have received 607 applications for insurance, viz: on Monday, 104; Tuesday, 117; Wednesday, 92; Thursday, 109; Friday, 84; Saturday, 71. Small notes and small safe risks, appear to be just the thing for Farmers. This Company has now forty thousand and members, and is much the largest Mutual Insurance Co. in the United States.—Washington County Telegraph.

W. D. Little, Portland, is general agent for this Co. For agents in this County see notice in advertising columns.

ELECTIONS.—Returns from Ohio indicate the probable election of Weller, dem., for Governor. A result not anticipated.

Pennsylvania the whigs claim, and the returns squint strongly in their favor, but we had rather see the returns from the entire State before we yield it to them.

Gen. Taylor is still annoyed with letters from every part of the country, putting most impractical questions. He received 40 in one day.

Whig exchange.

The old gentleman come out on a solid substantial platform, like Lewis Cass, so that the people may see where he stands, and we will guarantee that he will be no longer annoyed. But they don't like to go it "blind."

We are as certain of Gen. Cass' election by the people as we are that the American people will never pronounce their brothers and sons "murderers" or the contest in which they have been engaged "a war against God."

WEBSTER OUT WEST.—Mr. Gregg, one of the Indiana whig electors in a speech in Lawrenceburg lately, said—

"The whigs here are cold—very—very COLD! They have no life, no animation.—We would soon think of galvanizing a dead body with an icle, as to infuse life into their hearts. They were torpid as oysters. But, says Mr. Gregg, I ought not to complain, for I have been cold myself, on account of circumstances."

OXFORD TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The next meeting will be held at Fryeburg Village, on WEDNESDAY, the EIGHTH day of November next, commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

An address will be delivered by E. P. Hinds. Reports may be expected on the following subjects:—The Theory and Practice of Teaching.—Teachers' Institutes.—School Apparatus.

Miss Howard's Report on Female Teachers, will then be ready for distribution.

A full and punctual attendance of the members of this Association is respectfully requested.

E. P. HINDS, Secy.
S. Paris, 14 Oct., 1848.

DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING!!!

A CASA and BUTLER Mass Meeting of the Democratic Republicans of the town of Oxford and vicinity will be held at the Centre Meeting house in South Oxford on the 25th inst., at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

George E. Shopley, of Portland, Caleb R. Aver of York County, Ellbridge, Gery of Waterford, Charles Andrews of Paris, David Dunn of Poland, S. Hyatt Chase of Fryeburg, and others, are expected to be present and address the meeting.

A Band of Music will be in attendance.

Arrangements will be made at the Welchville Hotel for the accommodation of all who wish entertainment.

A general invitation is extended to the Democratic Republicans of Oxford County and vicinity to be present and take part in the meeting.

Post order of Committee of Arrangements.

Oxford, Oct. 11, 1848.

BRIGHTON MARKET, [REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.]

THURSDAY, OCT. 12.

At market 1475 Beef Cattle, 1600 Sheep, 45 Pairs Working Oxen, 45 Cows and Calves, 3500 Sheep, 1000 Lambs, 1000 Pigs, 1000 Hens.

At Brighton—First quality, \$6 25—second

quality, \$5—third quality, \$3 50.

Sheep—\$4 25 to \$5 10 to \$5—eight years old, \$2 to \$2.

Cows and Calves—\$4 25, \$5 25, \$6 25 and \$6.

Sheep—\$2 25, \$3 25, \$4 25 and \$5.

Sheep—Mutton—\$2 25 to 4 12 cts per lb. at retail.

4 12 to 5 12 cts.—fat Hogs, 4 1 1/2 to 4 1/4.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, 10th inst., by Rev. C. B. Davis, WILM. A. RUST, M. D., to Miss FRANCES L. GOODENOUGH.

On the above joyful occurrence the Printer will not be forgotten. He tendered his thanks for the favor, and his heartfelt wishes for their prosperity and happiness through life.

In Greenwich by Jonathan Swift, Esq. Mr. Charles J. Pease to Miss Sarah P. Keen, both of Greenwich.

In Turner, by Job Prince, Esq. Mr. Charles J. Pease to Miss Nancy Ross of Turner.

DEATHS.

In this town, 21st ult., William E., son of Eveline and Charles W. Stephens, aged 1 year and 7 months.

In Buckfield, 10th inst., Esther D., daughter of Mary and Alexander Mayhew, aged 1 year and 8 months.

Forbear fond mother thus to grieve,
For God again can give relief.

At what the gates of heaven laid,

Than those sweet babes, that now from thee

Are called into eternity.

Where spirits now are those above.

Attend around His sacred throne,

And consecrate thine day and night,

And cast the blaze of hallowed light.

"Tis true we all are loath to part,

With those we hold thus dear at heart;

Yet, 'tis a debt we all must pay.

When summoned from this earth away.

[Colloquy.]

There was snow an inch deep, on Saturday

on the Western Railroad, between East Chat-

ham and Washington.

At why should tears bedew the soil

WILD CHERRY.

Replies under the gallows are generally satisfied with satisfaction, and the same may be said of Wister's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which beyond all doubt has received many from almost equally sure death by long complaints.

Mr. Fowle, the proprietor, who deals in the article so largely—for people will buy more of it—sends us the following note which he has just received in the way of business:

INSTRUMENT, May 25, 1847.

Mr. S. W. Fowle.—Dear Sir.—I am nearly

out of the Balsam of Wild Cherry.

You may forward, if you please, two or three dozen more.

The medicine gives better satisfaction here in pulmonary complaints than any other that I have kept. I have tried it with perfect satisfaction upon myself—being troubled with a severe cough for more than a year, and having profited night sweets for the duration. I had to take two or three dozen more.

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ANECDOTES AND FUN.

A HOT BATH.

A couple of gentlemen, whom we shall call John Smith, and James Brown, were seated in the ante room of a bath house, not a hundred miles from Columbia street awaiting their turn for a bath. After they got tired of twirling their thumbs, Smith asked Brown whether he preferred a hot or cold bath. Brown who was remarkably fond of running a rig on any one, said he was so partial to hot baths, and enjoyed them so frequently, that he didn't think there was another man in creation that could remain in the water at the temperature of that he ordinarily used. Smith was one of those kind of men that never permit themselves to be outdone in any thing, and one word led on to another, until at length Smith proposed the following wager to which Brown agreed at once.

Two baths in rooms adjoining, were to be prepared. Cold water to the depth of six inches was to be let in. They were to enter at the same instant—the hot water tap then to be turned, and the one that first cried enough, was to pay for a supper and "fixers." Smith went honestly to work—entered the bath, and turned on the hot water, taking care to draw up his legs as high as possible. Brown turned the hot water tap, but instead of permitting the hot water to remain in the bath, let it out by means of a contrivance he managed to rig up. The tap was to be turned, but there was nothing said about where the water should go, said Brown to himself, if I don't boil that Smith, it will not be my fault.

Presently, Smith found the water too hot for comfort, and said:

How is it with you, Brown?

Hot enough; was the reply; I shall have to give up right off if you don't, he continued as he lay cool enough at the bottom of the bath—Smith was thinking about giving in beat, but Brown's words encouraged him to hold out a little longer.

I'm perfectly cool yet, said Smith as he writhed and twisted about, and can stand out two minutes longer, said Brown.

The water is 'tarnal hot, you know, but I shall hold out a few seconds longer, said Brown. Smith could not. With a half suppressed cry of pain he sprang from the hot water literally parboiled. Hastily drawing on some of his clothing, he entered Brown's room, saw him laying very comfortably at the bottom of the empty bath smoking a cigar. He found he had been browned as well as boiled, when Brown insisted that his tap was turned fairly, but as not a word was said about where the water should go he preferred passing it through the plug hole—Smith promises to pay for the supper, as soon as he congeals, which will not be just now—Brooklyn Adv.

TAKING THE MISSISSIPPI.

While Mr. Sam Stockwell, the artist, now engaged on the great panorama of the Mississippi, in this city, was one afternoon slowly floating down the river in his boat, a very uncomfortable shower came patterning down, at the moment he was about dropping anchor to sketch the picturesque establishment of a squatter. He hesitated a moment, but finally let go, and his boat swam around in the stream.

"You, Ish, you going to pictur' him mit rain?" inquired his German boutman.

"No," said Sam "I'm going to pictur' him mit the pencil. We are now about at the right spot to take a good view of that odd looking cabin, and if we go we will lose it. So haul out the old umbrella, and I will try a sketch. Perhaps by the time we finish our work, the proprietor will invite us to take some butter milk with him.

The old umbrella had, by certain violent concussions received on the trip become quite a curiosity. One half of the whalebones were gone, and when it was hoisted, it hung like a wegeon sombrero over its owner. The pitching of it carelessly into the boat, on sundry occasions, had introduced ill-shaped sky-lights in its roof; and, taken all together, it was the sorriest apology for shelter, ever stretched over a sovereign citizen of the great United States. Sam, however, worked away beneath the "gingham," until he finished his sketch. All this time an affluent from the top of his cone-like covering poured a flood of dark tinged water through one of the holes, and down his neck. His German watched this stream with intense interest, as if calculating how much the artist's clothes would hold before they would leak. When he had finished, George, the German, broke forth in admiration.

"Well, for a little man you hold more water, den ever I see before. It will take you won week, to be so nice and dry as we vas ghusht now."

Just so a voice from shore hailed them: "Look yur, you, with that awful ugly hat; what in thunder are you stittin' out there in the rain for? Who are you?—What are you goin' to do?"

"I am going to coness the Mississippi," said Sam.

"You're an electoneer ar you?" inquired the squatter.

"No, not exactly," said Sam, "except in a small way for my own individual benefit. I am going to 'take the river!'"

"Whar ar you goin' to take it to?" inquired the squatter.

"All round the country," said Sam, "and over to England."

"Well, after you kin do that, you'll have to get an awful big tub, and sof' yourself at the mouth to drat it off!"

"Oh, no," says Sam "I am drawing it off, now."

The squatter locked up and down the shore two or three times, and shouted back:

"I don't see as it gits much lower—your sunk' machine draws it off dreadful slow."

"I am painting the Mississippi, my friend," answered the artist.

"Hey you got my cabin chalked down?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered Sam, "and you too."

"Good, by thunder!" said the squatter.

"When you show me to them Inglish fellers, jest tell 'em I'm a Mississippi screamer—I kin see more corn in a day than any Inglish machine ever invented, and when I hit anything, from a bulldog down to humph natur', they generally think Nighthin' is comin'!"

"Are you a Taylor man?" inquired Sam.

"No, by thunder," says he.

"Do you go in for Cass, then?" inquired Sam.

"I calculate not, stranger," shouted he.

"What! do you support Van Buren?"

inquired the artist.

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"I calculate not, stranger," shouted he.

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